

Good Morning

510

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



THIS IS BRIAN THE QUIZZICAL L.Sig. William Lewis

BRIAN, son of Ldg. Signalman William Albert Lewis and Mrs. Doreen Lewis, of 254, Hawthorn Crescent, Cosham, through that the London district is only five months old, but Brian has been finally freed already he has developed a from the menace of the flying very inquisitive outlook on life.

You can see it by the way he is "quizzing" at our photographer, as much as to say, "Well, what is in the little black box you have got over there?"

Brian's world is peopled by the grown-ups, who make a great fuss of him, and his playthings—a little black dog, a penguin, and a "dinkie doo," which he delights to coo over.

Leading Signalman Lewis, who went away in March, has not yet seen his small son, and the only photograph which has reached him is one taken when Brian was three weeks' old.

We hope he will feel proud of this picture of him.

We can assure L.Sig. Lewis that both his wife and the baby are keeping very fit. Also that they are very comfortably established at their new home at Hawthorn Crescent, where

they have been happily settled since August. As soon as word comes through that the London district has been finally freed from the menace of the flying bombs, L.Sig. Lewis, your wife hopes to pay a visit to Hanwell, to show baby Brian to your mother and sisters. They are most anxious to see him.

Of course, the wife's folk at Balfour Road, Portsmouth, are proud of him, too. Incidentally, they had a pleasant surprise on the day of our call, for Mrs. Lewis's father arrived home from Italy, after five years with the Eighth Army in the Middle East.

You can imagine what a day of excitement that was! Otherwise, it's now "all quiet on the Pompey Front."

We have been asked to send kind remembrances from all at home, with best love from your wife and baby.

And from what we heard, you can bet your life that when Brian begins to talk his first words will be "Da-da."

"Thanks for Rabbits" C.P.O. Harry Woods

THANK Harry for the rabbits—does that identify this story, C.P.O. Harry Woods? When we visited your home in Muir Street, Glasgow, those words greeted us, amidst laughs from your wife.

Mrs. Woods is very well, Harry, and although she is rather weary of war work, the good lady appreciates that the rubber dinghies she is making are for men who have far more grief, so she goes gaily on with the task.

Did you know that Dorothy was working alongside your wife? As you can imagine, they get a few laughs together to punctuate the dull monotony of war work.

Jack, who is on Vampire, is getting along pretty well these days, and news of him is regular and good.

Betty is a part-time nurse now and spends most of her time at the post. Ina and Baby Rosemary are both well and

IN the essentially masculine company of "The Jolly Roger," where sport in most of its voiced aspects is generally the sole topic of conversation, it is very seldom that the opposite sex comes in for more than passing mention. This is not because any of the members believe in supporting anything in the nature of an anti-feminist movement. On the contrary, as good sportsmen they are always ready to vote for a fair field and no favour. But on this occasion the subject of women in sport was the main discussion.

The guv'nor had made the rather startling suggestion that the time would come when we should have women jockeys riding in all the important races, and thus beating down the barriers of what some people may regard as man's last stronghold.

"What an optimist!" exclaimed Bernard. "If you had mentioned any other sporting activity I might have been ready to agree with you, but when you suggest that the most conservative body of men, real diehards, such as the Jockey Club, will allow women to invade the Turf as trainers and jockeys, I shall begin to think you are losing your grip of things in general."

"Losing my grip? Perhaps. If you mean the tenacity to hold on to notions that have long outlived their usefulness, you are right. So many people refuse to loosen their grip on ancient shibboleths."

"Knowing the Jockey Club as we do," said Nat, "I should think that will be just about the last organisation to open its arms to women, except, as it has always done, to women owners of racehorses. I may be

a bit old-fashioned, but I can't see girl jockeys being allowed to ride under Jockey Club rules. What makes you think that this interesting innovation is on its way?"

"I think it is inevitable," answered the guv'nor. "It is not so much because women have proved themselves capable of doing many of the things that had been considered to be solely in the province of the mere male, but the change will, in my opinion, be brought about by force of circumstances."

"Just turn to the racing programmes in to-day's paper. Read out the names of the jockeys engaged. How many fresh names are there? Precious few. The same old jockeys, who have been riding for the past twenty and thirty years. Many of them can go on for a few years longer, but they can't go on for ever. Where are the young apprentices? You may ask, and you will find it difficult to get an answer to that question."

"The boys are not taking it up as they did a few years ago. They or their parents, have more sense nowadays. The reason is easy to see. For as many years as I can remember these boys have had a raw deal. The majority of them used to be fired by the thought of riding winners, being cheered by the crowd, and presented with nice fat cheques by joyful owners. A grand picture, but one that came to life only for the fortunate few."

"It is scarcely possible to arrive at any exact figure, but I should say that it would not be far-fetched to declare that not one in a hundred of these apprentices becomes a jockey,

and scarcely one in a thousand reaches the position of a jockey in regular demand.

"What happens to all the others at the end of their apprenticeships? They become what they have in actual fact been all the time, stable lads. If that occupation isn't a blind alley, then I do not know of one that is. The whole system is wrong. It is an antiquated means of providing plenty of cheap labour for the racing stables. The lads are soon discouraged and become soured and embittered men at a time when they should remain light-hearted youngsters."

"One of these lads, who was trying to bring up a family on fifty shillings a week, told me that they always referred to his calling, the stable lads, as Chinese labour. It is little better than slavery."

"And, after all, you have to bear in mind that it is a skilled job, a jolly sight more skilful than watching a machine. The lad who has to work seven days a week, starting at four or five in the morning, is responsible for horses worth £10,000 or more apiece, and yet it is thought to be worth paying much less than the most brainless of unskilled labourers."

"For most of them it was a question of accept the conditions as they were or starve. The war gave most of them the opportunity to get out, and many of them have done so, with the result that you may be sure they will not return to the stables unless conditions are radically altered."

"It does not require any great prophetic power to visualise the time when there will not be any young apprentices to replace the veterans as they drop out. What do you think the authorities will do then? Allow racing to die out? Hardly that. No, my friends, you will not see the end of racing, but you may see the entry of girl riders on the time-honoured Turf. I hope I am still alive, so that perhaps you may have the grace to apologise for thinking that I have invited the bats into my belfry."

"There's not much wrong with that old head of yours, guv'nor," said Nat, "and now that you have explained the reasons which made you arrive at your startling prophecy I am wondering whether you have been called to the right bar, or whether you might not have done better had you chosen the dry bar and become a K.C."

"Unless you are going to live long enough to be centenarians," said Bernard, "it is not a thing we can bet on, otherwise I should be ready to lay a shade of odds that you are wrong. If we leave out the hide-bound attitude of the Jockey Club towards anything in the way of an innovation, we are still up against the biggest stumbling-block of the lot, and that is the view which the average race-horse owner takes."

"Who is to blame for the fact that the young apprentice is not given sufficient opportunities for showing his riding ability in public? Not the trainer, who, as a general rule, is only too anxious to push his youngsters to the front. It is the owner who is largely to blame. There are exceptions, of course, but in the vast majority of instances the owner will say that he cannot afford the risk of employing an unknown jockey."

It goes without saying that every owner wants to win, and if he can secure the leading jockey to ride his horses, he will not put up with any other. It is unfair to the

younger boys, but it is understandable."

"Now, if these same owners fight shy of giving rides to apprentices, what sort of encouragement do you think they are going to give to girl riders? That question answers itself. No, I cannot see how girls are ever going to compete with professional jockeys."

"My idea," said the guv'nor, "is that it will be forced on the racing people by the fact that boys will not enter the stables. Of course, there will always be a certain number of sons of trainers who will take to riding, but not all of them have sons, and when they do, the sons do not always wish to follow in father's footsteps, or ride in father's saddle."

"It may be a curious fact, but most of the trainers whom I have known intimately have had daughters where they desired sons. I think you will find that things work out that way with many other families. I can recall a visit I paid many years ago to Wallie Wyllie, the Ayr trainer. He was a great sport and loved every one of his horses as if they were his own babies. As I was looking round the stables in came a lively girl riding a thoroughbred, which she had just given an exercise gallop. It was Wyllie's daughter, who was head 'lad' of the establishment. Don't I wish she'd been a boy," said Wyllie, "She'd win some races for me!"

"It was then that I suggested that perhaps one day we should see girls riding under Jockey Club rules. Old Wyllie smiled and shook his head. He knew the conservative attitude of all connected with the Turf. All the same, he agreed that nothing would make him happier than to see his daughter riding his own horses past the winning post."

"Then, again, there was my old friend, Jack Fallon, who brought off some of the biggest coups in racing. Fallon's son did not take to racing. He was a bit too heavy for one thing, but his interests did not tend that way. He was a modern youngster, with a keen interest in mechanical things, and he became an engineer. But Fallon also had a daughter, and, believe me, she could ride with the best of the lads, and show them the quickest way home."

"If you had asked Jack Fallon whether girls should be permitted to ride in races he would have overwhelmed you with his support. I believe he would have backed his girl to beat all the leading jockeys."

"What a pity he didn't get his wish," said Bernard, "I might have taken some nice, easy bets."

"Which, as a bookmaker, is, for you, all that matters," answered the guv'nor.



David in the R.A.F. has recently passed an examination for some promotion.

Latest news from your side of the family is that Alice is engaged to an American sergeant. From all reports he seems to be a grand chap, and everyone seems very happy about it. To sum up, all at 168 are well.

Back to Scotland again, and there's good news of everyone there, too.

Pop says there's one in the

bottle for you, but you had better make it soon, or he might be tempted.

The record of Allan Breeze singing "Just for a While," with Mantovani's orchestra, has almost been worn thin—your wife plays it most days and just sits and thinks about old times.

Mrs. Woods signs off with a prayer for you and all your shipmates, that you will have a safe return home.

Strictly for you alone is all her love and a big kiss.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

He loved . . . and lost . . . and built A LOVE STORY IN MARBLE TO HER MEMORY

HOW LOVE CAME TO SHAH JEHAN
By MARK PRIESTLY

IN all the world there was once no palace more magnificent than the home of the Great Mogul emperor Shah Jehan—and no man better-looking. Some 300 years ago he sat for his portrait. It has come down to us in the twentieth century, the face of a fighter and a dreamer, a man

of action and a poet. As the fighting hero of India, the Shah Jehan drove the fierce Mahratta invaders from his kingdom. As poet and dreamer he built himself the rich palace at Agra that stands to this day. Architects and masons summoned from every corner of India had fashioned it; workers

in jewels, gold, silver and ivory made it as perfect as men could devise. Yet in the crowded bazaars there were men who lifted their eyes to the great sandstone palace and pitied the bachelor emperor. "Poor man," they shook their heads. "What happiness can he know—alone?"

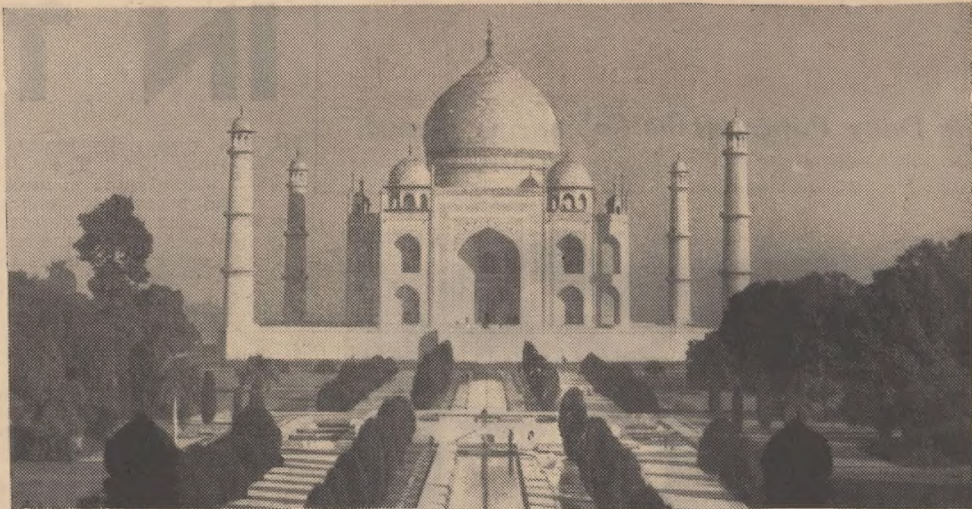
"No woman would oppose you," whispered the Shah's ministers. "No man has ever opposed me," he sorrowfully replied. "The arts of love are easily learned," the wise men answered. "Great lands can be gained by fighting," said the emperor, "but the things of the heart can only be given. . . ."

Every day the loveliest women of the land were added to his court. The Shah cast his eye over them—and left them alone.

Beneath a canopy of silk he played chess with his ministers on a big marble chequered pavement. The pieces which moved from square to square at his command were living girls. The winner was entitled to claim them as his reward—but the Shah was always careful to lose.

And then, pacing one night beside the waters of the Jumna River, he met The Woman! That night, amid the dreaming cypresses, he had been stirred by a mood—and he had deliberately wandered off course, into the women's gardens.

On their site there stands to-day the Taj Mahal. Think



of this tale if ever you find yourself that way—for it's quite a story.

The women of his palace could wear all the jewels they desired. This girl wore only flowers as adornment. He snatched a sleeping lily from the water and presented it. "It will cost you your life," she told him. "The guards are coming!"

But the guards, of course, recoiled at the sight of the emperor. The girl might have knelt in abasement. Instead she laughed. "Who would have thought," she said, "that the emperor could be such a boy!"

He asked her name, and repeated it, "Mumtaz—the pearl!" In a few days Mumtaz became the Mumtaz Mahal, and there was a queen reigning in the palace at Agra. The conqueror had been conquered at last. . . .

Never was a wife more loving—or more loved. So say the ancient records.

Children were born of their love, and it was in giving him yet another child that Mumtaz died.

Then Shah Jehan, the records add, knew that all the glory of his riches were as shadows in the evening. Walking alone once more in the women's gardens, he dreamed of a poem in stone. Then and there he summoned together all the architects and artisans who had built his palace.

"My wife," he commanded, "shall have in her memory a dream built by the greatest artists under the sun. . . ."

And they told him in their humility that the greatest artists were in Italy, a journey of many months away. "Bring them to me," said Shah Jehan.

So the subtlest living artists gathered on the banks of the Jumna and made their plans, and the Shah forsook all other interests that he might supervise the build-

ing. Every day he dedicated a few special minutes to thoughts of his wife, and for those minutes the twenty thousand artists and workmen were silent and still.

Within two years Shah Jehan's hair had whitened, but still the work went on. For seventeen years artists gave of their finest inspiration, relentlessly destroying everything they thought unworthy, tirelessly creating and then recreating beauty.

Thus the pearly dome and minarets of the Taj Mahal rose, dreamlike and bewitching.

It has been compared with the mysterious palaces raised by the geni of the Arabian Nights. It has been called a love story in stone.

Think of this whenever you see its picture, or if ever—as one day perhaps you will see its reality. It symbolises perfection.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Tree.
 - 4 Increase.
 - 9 Crimson pigment.
 - 11 Better than shoddy.
 - 13 Aromatic herb.
 - 14 Schoolboy's father.
 - 15 Fruit.
 - 17 Contended.
 - 18 Cams.
 - 20 Spoil.
 - 23 Entreat.
 - 24 Eastern money.
 - 26 Young hare.
 - 29 Trust.
 - 30 Short ache.
 - 33 Slow.
 - 35 Perfect.
 - 36 Quit.
 - 37 Side.
 - 38 Goes ahead.
 - 39 Boy's name.

CONFIDENT
SOBER URIAH
INLAY DINGO
GRIT B CERT
NAG TEG TAB
EDITH LIEGE
T NURTURE D
OGRE TING
ON NAMES IT
ACRID NEGRO
KEEP SOLO

- CLUES DOWN.
- 2 Smack.
 - 3 O'asp.
 - 4 Free.
 - 5 Little rascal.
 - 6 Bland.
 - 7 Existing thing.
 - 8 Thick string.
 - 10 Skirt.
 - 12 Birds.
 - 13 Soothing influence.
 - 16 Jet.
 - 19 Lapwings.
 - 21 So'us.
 - 22 Revolve.
 - 25 Christmas name.
 - 27 Vim and vigour.
 - 28 Sea movement.
 - 29 Mound.
 - 31 Approach.
 - 32 Spirited.
 - 34 Drink.

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THIS is a paragraph from a column of "Scots Independent":—"Sic a heidline tae find in a decent douce Glesca diurnal paper, I was fair dumfoundert, mindan that anerly 7,300 o the fowk o aa Argyll cam out for Scotland at the outwale in Aprile moneth o the year 1940."

What kind of double talk is this?

In the same anti-English journal I find such things as these:—"During the year, Wales in general collaborated with the English Government"—these words open the draft 1943-1944 Report of the Welsh Nationalist Party. The same words might equally well be used of Scotland. "Collaboration" is the general rule here, too. The Blaid, however (the Welsh Nationalist Party), make no bones about describing the Government as "English." Being perhaps better informed than most Scots as to the true history of this island, the Welsh Nationalists know that the English Imperialists long ago usurped the name "British" (in reality a Celtic name) to cover up their exploitation of Wales, Ireland and Scotland. . . ."

"The ignorance amongst Scotland's youth about things Scottish is immense. It is really the result of much work by English propagandists. Long ago England put her hand on Scotland's mouth. That policy kept Scotland's story from her people as well as from the people of the world. Young Scotland's work is to remove the hand which muzzles her. . . ."

Could Goebbels have done better?

IN the last six months, 38 children have been killed and more than 180 injured by picking up live ammunition as souvenirs. Most of the injured have been maimed for life.

The War Office is now contemplating taking legal action against people who encourage the children by buying the souvenirs from them. Such people will probably be charged either with receiving stolen goods or aiding and abetting the children to steal. In every case the penalty will be the maximum one which the law can apply.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

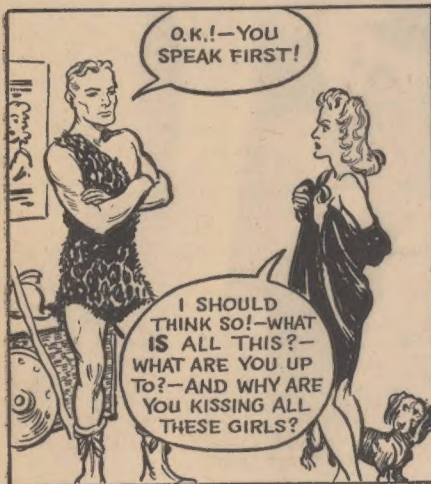
449

1. Insert three consonants in O * I * O * O and get a South American river.
2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? How saw ni onawm hose herte devil na a lod.
3. In these four languages the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 463L9C, 47335, 2682579T, 6F7956682.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 448

1. CHESHIRE.
2. When in doubt, say nowt.
3. Malayan, Indian, Siamese.
4. Ale-X, Rog-er.

JANE



V? Even Kids can make them

ALTHOUGH rocketeers were used with some success against Napoleon's French armies at the Battle of Leipzig, the Duke of Wellington and his senior Generals condemned the weapon as "unsoldierly and ineffective." None the less, there were British rocketeers at Waterloo.

The German General Blucher, who saw them after battle, was

most interested in their weapons, and was responsible for considerable rocket experiments in Germany. The Germans were not very clever in their adaptations, and the idea fell through after Blucher's death.

An Englishman called Hale was the next successful rocket experimenter. He increased the range of a fairly heavy rocket to four miles, and a development of his invention was employed by British troops in some of the African campaigns of the nineteenth century. The U.S. Government was also interested, and bought one of Hale's patents.

Shortly before the turn of the century there was an official British Army Mark IV rocket, with a range of nearly three miles. It was a canister-shaped affair about two feet long, containing 3lb. of explosive.

While the Kaiser was boasting of the "great and secret" weapons of his "invincible Army" before the 1914 D-Day, Krupps were working night and day to develop a rocket-gun to be used against the Bel-

gian fortresses of Namur and Liege. For technical reasons, the rocket-gun itself was not ready in September, 1914; but, as a sideline, Krupps had developed the magnificent German infantry mortar from it, and this mortar did terrific execution among French and British troops in the ensuing years.

When the first rocket-firing aircraft were reported in action against our night bombers in this war, most people supposed that the Germans had produced something completely new. But French airmen were firing rockets from their old biplanes as early as 1915, with indifferent success.

Even in this war the Germans were the last to use rockets. Britain was using them quite early on from A.A. guns at sea, and long cables attached to the rockets were supposed to endanger the German dive-bombers during attack.

The Russians used rockets from Stornoviki to knock out German tanks during the enemy "huzzar-rides" across

the Russian plains in 1941; and in the same year the first six-tube "Katusha" rocket-gun was used by them in the defence of Leningrad. This gun was said to throw six 60lb. rocket-shells several miles.

Both Germans and Russians used rocket-guns at Stalingrad; later, the Germans were using very powerful ones against Leningrad just before its relief.

Tailpiece.—In 1920, a Glasgow schoolboy made a 4ft. wingspan flying-rocket that flew at three miles a minute. In 1936, Naomi Roberts, a Scottish girl, made a rocket with a speed of 2,000 miles an hour.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 33

1. When Henry said "Line," Rosie said "Pickle." What word linked these two ideas in Rosie's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 1s., 2s., 6d., 6d., 3d., 2s., 5s.
3. If short means long, thin means thick, and narrow means wide, what is the true description of a long, thin, wide piece of wood?
4. Six people sat round a table. A was not next to B, but was to the left of G; F sat between E and B, and D was on C's left; C was not sitting next to B, but was less than three places away. In what order were they sitting clockwise round the table?

(Answers in No. 511.)

Answer to Test No. 32.

1. Crown.
2. Gwyn is a boy's name; others are girls' names.
3. More.
4. Eight. (Father and mother, their three daughters, the mother's father, and the father's mother and sister.)

QUIZ for today

1. A stythe is a foul smell, pimple, pigs feeding trough, dentist's instrument, ground-rent paid to the Church?
2. What is the difference between cuckoo-pint and cuckoo-spit?
3. What is the traditional name of the French Protestants?
4. What is majolica?
5. Who discovered the South Pole, and when?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? — Lonely, Onely, toney, Agreeable, Ageing, ugely.

Answers to Quiz in No. 509

1. Amber.
2. Rowan ("Mountain Ash").
3. Etymology is the study of words; entomology is the study of insects.
4. Chess.
5. Arid plateaux in Eastern Africa.
6. Opat.

N ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

1. extract from the Town and Country Planning Bill: "Residential property" means any land which consists of or comprises premises used for residential purposes except that land shall not be deemed to be a residential property by virtue of comprising premises used for those purposes if their use is for other purposes of premises or of some part of the land.
11. reading this aloud.

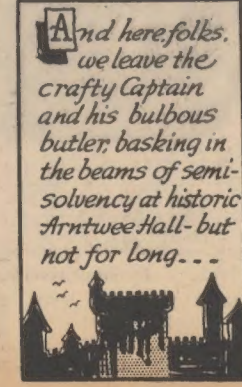
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TRAFFIC LIGHT MAKE-UP

IMAGINE girls all over the world using green, blue or yellow colour lipstick. Weird, to say the least, isn't it?

Well, Clay Campbell, make-up man for Columbia on the Rita Hayworth-Gene Kelly Technicolor musical "Cover Girl," had to compound such colours.

It was for the Technicolor cameras. Fifteen of the top cover-beauties, all of whom came to Hollywood as the choice of as many famous magazines, had their lips smeared with these rainbow-hued lipsticks.

Colour photography has proceeded to such a point of perfection that fine gradations of colour make themselves apparent, just as they do in the flesh. So this was taken into account in applying cosmetics to the lovely countenances of Miss Hayworth, her 15 supporting cover girls, inx Falkenburg, Leslie Brooks, and such other avishing creatures as the producer, Arthur chwartz, found to populate his photoplay.

Campbell had charts all made out of each of the girls' inborn colouration, and what to do about it. No two were exactly alike.

He kept a close watch on the colour of garment ensembles fashioned for his pretty clients, and created a make-up designed to harmonise with each and its wearer. This figured on the basis of three or more costume changes for each of the 15 cover girls, 20 changes for Rita Hayworth, all of which added up to something like 65 make-up patterns.

But the men don't have to worry about the future. They won't see the girls walking round wearing different colour lipsticks. That's only for the Technicolor camera, which blends the colours to actually come out different shades of red on the screen.

Campbell doesn't think a girl outside pictures would be happy with other than a red lipstick, and he's certain the men would object. Especially when they tried to get it off their handkerchiefs.

Alex Cracks

Salesman: "These shirts simply laugh at the laundry, sir."

Customer: "I know. I've had some back with their sides split."

"What I want is an alert lad," explained the employer. "Are you quick to take notice?"

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant. "I've had it twice in a fortnight."

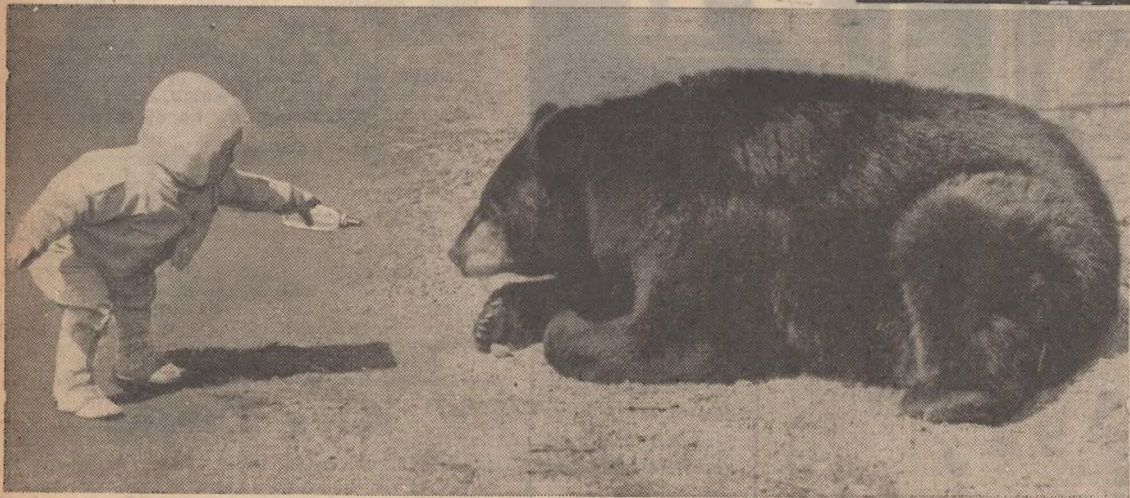
Good Morning



(Thinks the Dog): "Poor wee creature, no harm shall ever come to her while I'm around." (Thinks the Cat): "The big stiff imagines he's protecting me, I suppose. ME — need protection; that's a laugh! Still, wouldn't hurt his feelings for worlds."



IT'S OURS, ALL OURS! Give thanks to the National Trust, the next time you ramble over Reigate Hill, Surrey beauty-spot, just a bus-ride out of London.



"Be a pal, and finish this bottle for me. Milk, milk, MILK — that's all they give me! Someday, I know, it will run out of my ears, and then, perhaps, they'll be satisfied."

"Won't big sailormans come and sit by lonely little me and tell me all about what it's like to go down under the sea?" Steady, boys; it's Ginger Rogers, Paramount's heart-breaker, up to her tricks again!



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"When your heart goes bumpity-bump — it's love, love, love."